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Some Twentieth Century Problems¹

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PARTLY in fairness to my readers and partly in self-defense, I feel that I should tell you who, or rather what, I am.

Commencing as a boy, I was a manual worker for several years in the Homestead Steel Works. I was fortunate enough to receive promotion, and eighteen years later I became one of the junior Carnegie partners. When the Steel Corporation was formed, I came to New York with Mr. Schwab, and for ten years was vice-president. I retired to a New England farm in 1911, and four years later returned to active business life as an officer of Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company. I cite this experience to show that I have at least had the opportunity to study some of our social problems at close range. So much for "who" I am.

Now, as to "what" I am: Some of those who know me best and who certainly should be qualified to judge, if long association is the test, call me by various pet names—such as socialist and anarchist. Only last week, a prominent New York banker, with whom I was lunching, asked me if my middle initial stood for Bolsheviki. I usually counter on them by asking them to define the term "socialist," and I have yet to receive a fairly intelligent answer to this question.

There is a lot of loose thinking on this subject, if it can be dignified by that term. As a matter of fact, most of the men who use these epithets as terms of reproach are either timid souls who, ostrich-like, prefer not to see possible dangers on the social horizon; or, they are at heart aristocrats, in spite of the fact that they are citizens of a republic.

Aristocracy, or autocracy, (the terms are interchangeable with me) is an attitude of mind and not a social condition. It is a common error to suppose that the lines separating democrats and autocrats are horizontal only. They are also vertical, and I have found relatively quite as many men of aristocratic or autocratic

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attitude of mind among workmen, as among the so-called upper classes.

In an autocratic state, men of servile mind, having the will to obey, are as necessary an element as those having the will to command. It is an infallible mark of the true aristocrat to be brutal to his inferior, insolent to his equal, and servile to his superior. The German people furnish the most striking illustration of this truth. In my opinion, there is one offense which, in its very essence is unpardonable, i. e., that general attitude of mind which may be expressed as the "will to obey."

Most men have a test which they unconsciously apply to their fellows. With some, it is their form of religious belief; their party affiliations; their intellectual attainments; or their social or financial status. As I grow older, I find myself applying to all men with whom I come in contact, this test: Is he democratic or aristocratic in his ideals? And to the extent that he puts into practice in his daily life either of these ideals, I am attracted to or repelled by him. I have been amazed, and at times disheartened, at the number of men and women born and reared in the United States, who have no true conception of the ideals on which our government is founded; and not all of these, by any means, have been found among the rich. Like Louis XV, they appear quite content to act on the idea—"after me, the deluge."

An aristocrat is one who tries to get out of the social order more than he contributes to it, i. e., he wants something for nothing; his ideal social system is one where the permanency of his unearned income is assured at the expense of his fellow-citizens; and he is serenely regardless of the fact that in order to accomplish this economic miracle, somebody must get nothing for something. There are a great many varieties of aristocrats, ranging from the common hobo, who comes to your back-door to receive his unearned bread, up to the politicians, most lawyers, some Napoleons of finance, kings and kaisers; and they all have in common one very interesting trait, i. e., a profound contempt for those from whom they draw their unearned sustenance. The cootie is your true aristocrat. If it were possible to penetrate into the mental processes of this parasite, we would doubtless find that it has a profound contempt for its host. I would, therefore, suggest as the proper heraldic device for the man who draws more out of the

social organism than he contributes to it, i. e., one of the so-called aristocrats or privileged class—"a cootie couchant on a field of gold."

But the term of reproach which always interests and pleases me most, is "radical." I am glad to be called a "radical" providing I have something to say as to the definition of the term. I accept that which Gladstone gave when he was once asked to explain the difference between the British parties. His definition was as follows:

Conservatism—Distrust of the people, tempered by fear.

Liberalism—Trust of the people, tempered by prudence.

A Radical—A Liberal in earnest.

The dictionary defines "radical" as, "of or pertaining to the root; fundamental; thorough." If, when I am gone, those who knew me best could honestly write as my sole epitaph: "A Radical, worthy of the name,"—I could not wish for a more honorable remembrance.

Whether I have fairly earned any of these titles or not, you may be able to judge better when I have concluded. At the outset, however, I want to disclaim being a mere sentimentalist, as that term is usually understood. I have had to deal with hard facts all my life, and I believe that I am able to keep my feet on the ground, even if my head may seem to be in the clouds.

With this introduction, you will be able to discount any opinions I may express.

Many of the cherished traditions of the Carnegie veterans are associated with Capt. William R. Jones, General Superintendent of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, who was a very successful manager and one of the last survivors of that era of iron and steel manufacture, which immediately preceded the present scientific era. It is related of him that on receiving notice from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in the seventies, that they would require certain minimum and maximum chemical limits in their rails, he protested to Mr. Carnegie against the proposed restrictions, saying that, "the steel business has gone to hell since these damned chemists have been mixing in on it." This perfectly natural attitude of mind on the part of Captain Jones is paralleled by that of the average employer of today in his consideration of human problems which, so sorely against his will, are being thrust upon his attention.

When I was a boy, the conflict between science and dogmatic religion was raging. The geologists, particularly, were being denounced from every orthodox pulpit because their discoveries seemed to question the accepted scriptural chronology which fixed the creation at 4004 B. C. I remember that the question of the fossil remains of extinct animals troubled the brethren, and they finally dismissed the problem by stating that the Lord created these remains just as they were found in the geological strata. When their attention was called to undigested fragments of bone in the stomachs of these prehistoric monsters, they still maintained that the Lord created these also just as they were found. I do not remember just how they explained why the Lord should have gone to so much trouble to fool his children of later generations, but perhaps they considered it in the light of a practical joke.

We smile now at the recollection of this intellectual darkness, which came so near to some of us. I wonder if future generations will smile at some of our conceptions of the laws of human relationship as exemplified by our industrial system? The great distinguishing mark of the true scientist is that he is satisfied with nothing less than demonstrated truth; and, having discovered a physical law, he ever after conforms to it, regardless of custom or precedents of the past.

There is a sense in which all truth must be discovered by each individual before it becomes truth to him in any vital sense. I left school when I was eleven years old; it being an ungraded country school where the same teacher taught the A. B. C.'s and cube root. I had a smattering of the higher mathematics, but to me they were meaningless. Many years later, I was suddenly confronted with necessity of placing in the plate mill at Homestead, rolling orders for plates for a large tank; the only information given being the dimension of the tank. For a time I was stumped, as I found that the different plates had to be figured in detail, and on some I had to find the hypotenuse from the base and altitude. Some dim recollection of this simple problem in geometry still lingered in my mind, and by getting out my old school-books, I finally mastered the problems and laid out the plates. When I had finished and found that the hypotenuse as figured, actually corresponded to the dimensions as laid out to scale, I had a new appreciation of plane geometry, and was so elated that I

felt that I had discovered some of its principles in as real a sense as old man Euclid himself.

This rediscovery of truth is experienced by nations as well as individuals; as an instance, Columbus discovered America in 1492, but Germany did not discover America until 1918. Does it not seem strange to you that we of this twentieth century, the heirs of all the wisdom and experience of past ages, should be discussing what seem to me ought to be recognized as the very elemental laws of human relationship?

The greatest advance ever made by the human mind was the recognition that the entire material universe is in the grip of unchangeable law. We are not always conscious of this, but a little reflection reveals to us the fact that every motion of the tiniest speck of dust floating in the sunbeam is subject to and in harmony with, exactly the same laws of gravitation and motion which hold the planets in their orbits. Since Copernicus confirmed the speculations of the old Greek philosophers, and Newton and Kepler solved the riddle of planetary motion, the advance in knowledge of the laws governing physical phenomena has been stupendous. But when we leave the realm of the physical and enter that of the psychical, we find that very few accepted landmarks have been established, and that in our knowledge of the laws of human relationship, we still see "as in a glass darkly."

I believe that there are fixed irrevocable laws of human relationship, just as there are laws of chemical relationship and of motion, and that if it were possible to obtain a detached and accurate view of the progress of the human race over a sufficiently long period, the operation of the evolutionary processes would stand out as clearly in human affairs as they now stand revealed to us in the material universe by the chemists' laboratory and the astronomers' instruments. I believe that the attempt to ignore these laws brings its inevitable penalty to the individual, the family and the race, just as surely as the attempt to ignore a physical law.

Thinking men of all ages have recognized the need of establishing society on principles of justice and equity, however much they may have differed as to the definition of such principles. Plutarch is a prolific source of information as to the laws and customs of the old Greek and Roman republics. I recommend you to read his *Lives* and in reading, notice how often these old civiliza-

tions had to deal with problems which, in our provincial thinking, we have considered peculiar to our modern times.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in one of those inimitable talks at the Breakfast Table, speaks of being able to see enough of the arc of some persons' character in five minutes' conversation, to calculate from it their entire mental orbit. Even 5,000 years of the recorded history of mankind would not seem to have furnished an arc long enough to determine the true orbit of the human race, and from it the laws of its evolution, if we were to judge from the history of the last four years and from some conditions still strongly entrenched in our modern life.

I believe that the line of true progress is in the direction of democracy. I have a keen appreciation of its inefficiency in operation, but I believe the remedy lies in more democracy. A celebrated English statesman and essayist once said:

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day, he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him unto his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of Truth and Liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half-blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years, men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides; hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of Truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce; and at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty until they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

I believe that there is a great fundamental law of human progress, and that that law is Human Brotherhood. This idea can best be expressed by the word—"democracy." Louis F. Post, in his *Ethics of Democracy* says:

There is no social problem so intricate, no labyrinth of political affairs so confusing, that its ethical difficulties cannot be overcome by submission, in good faith, to that great moral principle. This is no pious platitude—it is a recognition of the fundamental law of social life.

The true gospel of social regeneration is this—"I am not my brother's keeper; but I am bound to respect and conserve my brother's rights."

The one clearly defined issue which seems to run through all history is the eternal, irrepressible conflict between autocracy and democracy. And now, America—the hope of a world grown weary with this ancient conflict—is facing anew the problem of the ages. How will she answer it? This is the theme to which I wish to direct your thoughts and I desire to say to you frankly, that I expect to raise some questions to which I have not been able to find completely satisfactory answers.

Let me quote a recent poem by E. E. Miller:

THE QUESTION OF ALL TIME

Beside the road of time the gaunt Sphinx lay
 Half buried in the dust of cities dead.
 A mighty nation came with ringing tread;
 The monster rose; the traveler stood at bay
 And heard the riddle: "What is there to say
 When idlers feast and toilers lack for bread?"
 No answer came; a struggling gasp instead

 Told that the Sphinx had clutched another prey.
 Empire on empire fell, the question still
 Unanswered, and to-day our young land hears
 It asked. She hears; her lips half apart with will
 To speak; yet she is silent and appears
 To halt in sudden doubt 'twixt two replies—
 Still closer draws the Sphinx with baleful eyes.

My grandfather landed in Philadelphia in the autumn of 1830. He had come, in advance of his family, to see if America really was the promised land of which he had heard. He rode on horseback to Pittsburg—the journey requiring fourteen days. After spending some months in the Ohio Valley, he started back to Philadelphia on horseback in the depths of winter and suffered severe hardships in the crossing of the unbridged streams. I have had occasion in the last thirty years to take this journey hundreds of times over practically the same route, and the picture of my grandfather has often been in my mind as I looked out of the car window of the Pennsylvania Limited.

Not long ago, while thinking over some of the problems we are discussing, I tried to picture what he would have thought if he could have foreseen the changed conditions in which his grandson would live. Let us suppose that he could have foreseen that in these latter days the journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg,

which he made with such toil in fourteen days, would then be made in ten hours in luxurious ease. That the ox-team, turning a single furrow would be displaced by great tractors which would drag a dozen plows and plow up an acre in seven minutes; and that, when the grain was ripe, it would be reaped, bound, threshed and sacked by mechanical power, so that one man's labor would be equal to that of fifty men of his time. That instead of the slow hand-process of carding, spinning, and weaving of cotton, wool, and flax, great mills would be filled with power machinery that would multiply the product of man's labor a hundred fold. That all of the crude appliances of his time would be superseded by the marvellous labor-saving devices with which we are so familiar. What would have been his conclusions as to the state of society in which his grandson would be privileged to live? Would he not have been justified in looking upon it as a Golden Age—an age in which the curse of poverty had been finally overcome? An age in which no honest man, willing to do his share in the community life, need ever have any apprehension of want for himself or his family? Has such a state been realized? If not, why?

Justin McCarthy, in his *History of Our Own Times*, tells of the horrible conditions under which women labored in English coal mines, when the seam of coal was so thin that they had to crawl on all fours for fourteen to sixteen hours a day, dragging after them the trucks loaded with coal. And this condition existed in the enlightened reign of good Queen Victoria.

I remember on my first visit to London, looking out of my hotel window early one morning in May and seeing a crowd of outcasts waiting for the park gates to be opened, so that they could get in and throw their exhausted bodies on the damp grass. They had wandered the streets all night, and this was their only place of rest. I was informed that in London, on one night, as many as 35,000 homeless men, women and children have walked the streets—of whom it could be said, as was said of another outcast—"he had not where to lay his head." And this condition was in the reign of good King Edward, and in the richest capital in the world.

Four years ago, in February, 1915, as I sat down to breakfast, I opened the *New York Sun* and saw two headlines on the front page which made a lasting impression on my mind. At the upper left-hand corner, was the announcement that a well-known

American business man had bought four pictures for \$250,000 each, or \$1,000,000 in all. At the upper right-hand corner on the same page, was the announcement that about 2,000 men, women and children had stood in line the previous night in the cold rain, to receive from the hand of charity a roll and cup of coffee, to keep them alive till morning. And these were not vicious men and women, outcasts from society, but working-people unable to obtain employment. You will recall that this situation was so serious that Mayor Mitchel appointed a committee of prominent New York citizens of which Judge Gary was chairman to deal with this question of unemployment. Incidentally, I might remark that while Judge Gary was wrestling with the problem of unemployment in New York, a large proportion of the men employed by his company were working twelve hours a day and are still doing so.

As Louis F. Post says in his *Ethics of Democracy*:

Though wealth is abundant, and wealth producing power emulates Omnipotence—degrading poverty, and *the more degrading fear of poverty*, are distinguishing characteristics of civilized life. Instead of lifting all to better conditions of opportunity, man's triumphs over the forces of nature, enormously enrich a few at the expense of the many.

They have done little to increase the comforts of the toiling masses, even absolutely, but much to diminish their comforts relatively; and *industrial liberty they have almost destroyed*.

The gulf between riches and poverty has not been filled in; it has been widened and deepened and made more of a hell than ever. So dreadful is the poverty of our time felt to be, that it has inspired us all with a fear of it—a fear so terrifying, that many more good people than would like to acknowledge their weakness, look upon the exchange of one's immortal soul for a fortune, as very like a bargain.

The Declaration of Independence proclaims as the inalienable birthright of every human being, the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." I would like to amend the last expression to read—"the attainment of happiness," or, at least, a reasonable opportunity for its attainment.

James Mackaye has said, "Everywhere we are taught that life is sacred, that liberty is sacred, but where are we taught that happiness is sacred?" And yet, it is only because of their relation to happiness that these other things have a trace of sacredness.

You may be surprised to have me name as one of the causes of social unrest in our day the modern factory system, which we are accustomed to hear extolled to the skies as one of the most notable

evidences of our progress toward a higher civilization. I confess approaching this subject with a good deal of hesitation, because it is not easy to reason this problem to a satisfactory conclusion. It is my earnest belief, however, that the man who, day after day, for the best years of his life, is a mere cog in the complex organizations which go to make up our modern factory system, is bound, in spite of himself, to be stunted mentally, morally and physically by the dreadful monotony of his task. I have in mind such operations as wire-nail factories, where, amid the ceaseless deafening din, a man stands tending automatic machines pouring out an endless stream of nails. How much pride of achievement can be associated with such a task; or, even worse, with the tasks in the dust laden, lung destroying textile, cement, acid, and fertilizer works?

The village blacksmith of our fathers' days, who would shoe a horse in the morning and make a chain or build a wagon in the afternoon, was a better all-round citizen than the man who stands all day shut out from sunlight and fresh air, feeding some automatic machine, in the product of which he can have little pride. And this is not because the old-fashioned blacksmith was inherently a better man, but because of the inevitably narrowing effect of modern factory work.

I believe this very thing of which we are so proud is full of menace to our civilization, and that there was more of the joy of living among the rural population of a century ago than among a large proportion of the factory operatives today. The most important raw material of our factories is never mentioned in their system of accounting, namely, human lives and characters, but the finished product is made up of these elements just as really as of wood or steel or cotton. Cheap factory products would seem to be a vital necessity to our civilization, but if in producing them we are debasing our manhood and womanhood—yes, and O, the pity of it, that we must include our child workers also—we are paying a fearful price for them!

In the mechanical arts, the world has progressed more in the past century than in all previous recorded history. If George Washington could have invited the Pharaoh of the Exodus to visit his plantation at Mount Vernon, he could not have shown him any advance in the art of agriculture over his own time; and, with the exception of gun-powder, printing and the telescope, he

could have shown him little or no advance in the mechanical arts. The steam engine, the cotton gin, the spinning jenny, the power loom have revolutionized human life since then.

Most of the marvellous advances in applied science have been made in the memory of men still living—such as the sewing-machine, telegraph, telephone, phonograph, electricity in all its branches, internal combustion engines, dynamite, airplanes and submarines. In view of this wonderful acceleration in material progress, we should not be surprised to find a tendency toward a similar progress in the domain of human relationship, which, in some of its aspects, is as startling as were some of the inventions I have mentioned.

It is the tendency of the average business man to mistake mere inertia for true conservatism, and it is a sad comment on the power of inertia in human affairs that great advances in the science of human relationship seldom are achieved as the result of calm reasoning, but usually under the pressure of dire necessity or public danger. An English statesman once said that the British Parliament had enacted many just laws, but that it had enacted very few because they were just.

Many wonder at the social unrest which is so much in evidence, but as I contemplate recent history my wonder is not that men have become aroused, but that they were able so long to remain quiescent under such conditions. As Mr. Gompers recently stated, the Bolsheviki are not all to be found in the ranks of labor. While I am not able to follow Mr. Gompers in all of his conclusions, I do agree with him most emphatically in his statement that in our free America, the day of the autocratic employer has passed; never, I hope, to return. I subscribe to the doctrine that human labor is not a commodity in the ordinary sense of the term. When a man, or a number of men, for their own ends create a great industrial unit, they assume an obligation toward the human elements in that unit, and through them to society in general, which cannot be cancelled or arbitrarily suspended.

In a completely natural society, every man by reason of close and continuous contact with land and other natural resources would be an independent, self-sustaining unit. When a man has left this natural condition, whether voluntarily or otherwise, and has become the servant of another man, or other men, he has given

up a natural right, and his employer has assumed an equivalent obligation. The fact that neither the employer nor the employee has been conscious of this exchange and that both may have acted from purely selfish motives, does not alter the elemental fact, which, in the great national aggregate, constitutes the big unanswered problem of modern times; the elemental fact that is at the base of all social unrest.

The saying—"Taxation without representation is tyranny," epitomized the sentiment back of the American Revolution. Whether money is taken from a man by unjust taxation, or withheld from him by an unfair wage system, the principle remains the same. Lincoln, in one of his famous debates with Douglass, said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand; this nation cannot continue to exist half slave and half free."

Political thinking has advanced with tremendous strides since then, so that as a result of the war with Germany, the nations seem ready to say, "This world cannot continue to exist half democratic and half autocratic." And while this is true in the domain of politics, it is no less so in industry. Our past history is full of instances where men in control of large aggregations of capital have been guilty of grave abuses against the public welfare and against the most elementary principles of morality. These autocrats of capital have been partly balanced (whether as an effect or a cause, would depend upon your point of view) by equally autocratic and irresponsible labor leaders, who have not hesitated to use force in its vilest forms in order to win their ends.

I do not unreservedly denounce the use of force, as to do so I would have to include in such a sweeping condemnation, some of the noblest of mankind, who, as a last resort, and to redress just grievances, have not hesitated to use it. But this, which should be reserved for the holiest uses, has been prostituted by labor demagogues to achieve the most trivial ends. The only way out of this senseless conflict between capital and labor is for employers to realize that the day of Industrial Democracy has dawned, and that "*The Establishment of wage rates and other conditions of employment without representation is tyranny.*"

Much has been done by benevolent employers to improve working conditions, but however conditions may be improved, the right of the workmen to collective bargaining must be recognized

as a legitimate outgrowth of American ideals. The individual workman, dependent on his own strength and resources, cannot hope to bargain on equal terms with the corporation. If he cannot do so, and is debarred from association with his fellow-workmen, *he is no longer a free man but a serf: and the serf has no place in the future of America.*

Many years ago, a noted steel man was asked which was the most important factor in his business—labor, capital, or management. His reply was in the form of a question: “Which is the most important leg on a three-legged stool?” While the above conclusion as to the equality and interdependence of these three factors has been generally accepted as a theory, in very few instances has it been given practical effect.

I believe that the greatest task to which American employers must address themselves is the devising of practical ways in which labor can be given the full recognition to which, as an equal partner, it is entitled. I make this statement with absolute confidence in the fairmindedness of the American workingman, when he is fully informed and is entirely free to act. If I did not have this confidence, I should despair of the future of our free institutions. I believe that one of the first steps necessary to inspire the workmen with confidence in the sincerity of the employers’ recognition of the proper status of labor, is the adoption of a fair system of collective bargaining. I am glad to say that the company with which I am connected has recognized this right, and has established what I believe to be the most democratic system of collective bargaining which has ever been devised.

I do not wish to be understood as predicting that this is going to bring in the millennium. The most perfect system must be administered by men with human frailties, and mistakes of judgment will, no doubt, be made on both sides. However, as President Wilson once said, I am more interested in the direction in which a man is facing than in his rate of progress, and I am sure that we are at least traveling in the right direction. Some of you may ask what is to become of the sacred freedom of contract under such a system? I answer: the same thing which has happened to many other seeming natural rights which the individual has sacrificed for the common good.

Consider, for a moment, the natural rights which you have

resigned as compared with the residents of Philadelphia only two or three generations back. Can you imagine some doughty individualist of those days submitting suddenly and gracefully to all of the laws and ordinances of the municipality, the state and the federal government, to which you give not only obedience but assent also? Would your great-grandfather have tamely submitted to compulsory vaccination, to restricted child-labor, to the haughty traffic policemen and your one-way streets; to all of the restrictions on personal liberty which you recognize as essential to the common good? None of these questions can be answered separate and apart from the problems of our complex civilization.

I also believe that as a further natural development of democratic ideals, systems of profit-sharing with employes must be worked out and adopted. One of the earliest records we have of the employment of one man by another for wages, is that of an Arabian Sheik, who employed a young man to care for his flocks. It is interesting to note that while at first he was a mere hireling, the relationship eventually changed into one of profit-sharing. I refer to the story of Laban and Jacob as recorded in the XXX Chapter of Genesis. If you look this up and find that the employe put one over on his employer, I hope you will not on that account condemn the principle.

No system could be devised which would be applicable to every industry, but this basic principle would be common to all. Capital can with reasonable care be invested so as to return, say 5 per cent, with little or no risk to the principal. Where it is invested in a business where risk of depreciation or loss of the principal is a constant factor, as it is in most industries, it should have the first call on the profits to an amount in excess of 5 per cent to cover fully this risk. This percentage would, of course, differ widely, from that of National Bank stock up to manufacture of explosives. If I were asked to suggest a tentative plan for the average well established steel company, I would first give the stockholders 10 per cent on their stock and divide the surplus over this amount equally between the stockholders and the employes, including the management.

In other words, capital, management and labor are each entitled to wages at current rates, and to a sufficient share of the profits to insure permanency. Capital, under the example cited, would

receive 5 per cent as wages and an additional 5 per cent as insurance. Management would receive salaries which, presumably, would be large enough to enable each person to avail himself of modern life, accident and health insurance. Labor would receive wages at current rates and would be insured by the Workmen's Compensation Law, maintained by taxation of industries. After the payment of these wages and insurance, the remaining profit should be divided equally between capital, on one hand, and management and labor, on the other.

And now, in conclusion let me ask: In what spirit shall we deal with these problems? In that of class consciousness, or in that broader spirit of human brotherhood which is so gloriously set forth in the writings of the lovinghearted Lincoln—"With malice toward none—with charity for all"?

Herr Ballin, one of the wisest of the former counsellors of the kaiser, in a recently published letter, ridiculed the idea that Americans as a nation were Mammon worshippers, and expressed the opinion, based on long years of close business association, that we were on the contrary, above everything, a nation of idealists. That this has been true in the past, we need only to point to the Civil War, waged for the great ideal of human freedom; to the part we played in the Boxer Rebellion, in returning to China our share of the indemnity exacted from her; to the Spanish War, waged to end the intolerable conditions in Cuba, and to establish her as a self-governing nation; and, lastly, to our part in this great war in defense of civilization in which we engaged technically, perhaps, because our legal rights were violated, but in fact, because we recognized that it was a death struggle between autocracy and democracy and one in which the leading democracy must play a noble part, or be forever put to shame.

In this holy war, in which the ideals for which America stands have been so gloriously triumphant, the sons of employers and workmen have marched shoulder to shoulder, and many of them sleep together today in the same patriotic graves in the soil of France, hallowed by their sacrifices. Let us, in the same spirit of brotherhood, grapple with the problems of peace and help to usher in the dawn of an Industrial Democracy, which will give fuller recognition to the thought expressed by Burns:

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
a man's a man for a' that.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride;
No. MEN! high-minded men—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.